

The Tragedie

Our brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are daily giuen to enoble those,
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that rais'de me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bene
An earnest aduocat to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me shamfull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may denie that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Ren. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more sir then denying that:
She may help you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? she may, yea marrie may she.

Ren. What marrie may she?

Glo. What marrie may she? marrie with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had worse match.

Q. My L. of Glocester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey seruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at

Smal ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Enter Qu. Margret.*

Q. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I sayd,
I will auouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.

Q. M.

of Richard the third.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou flewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxburie.

Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduersaires,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Riuers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battale at Saint Albons slaine:
Let me put in your minde, if yours forget
What, you haue bene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue bene, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

Glo. To fight on Edwards, partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ri. My Lord of Glocester in those busie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof,

Qu. Mar. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse.

I can